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A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF

Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information

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LITERATURE IN OFFICE.

The city of San Francisco has honored both literature and itself by the appointment of Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor to the office of the mayoralty. There is no reason (despite the popular prejudice to the contrary) why a good poet should not make a good administrator, and we expect that Dr. Taylor will apply to his new civic task the same nicety of discriminating judgment that he has applied to his translation of Heredia. The literary mayor is not altogether a novelty in our public life, since Mr. Brand Whitlock offers us another example in Toledo, and even the mayor of New York is the author of a highly creditable monograph upon Venetian history. Had it not been for the lamentable defeat of Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, when he sought the votes of the unappreciative citizens of Yonkers a few years ago, another shining name might have been added to our list. The faculties of the humorist are no less likely than those of the poet to find fitting exercise in the control of civic affairs. The legislative function quite frequently develops humorists; why should we not now and then choose for its performance a jester whose quality is already known to the public? As for the novelist, is he not, by the very nature of his calling, an authority upon political and social conditions, an exposer of the very evils that law-makers have it for their duty to destroy? It was by his title of novelist that Mr. Booth Tarkington made his way into the legislative councils of his native Indiana. When Mr. Winston Churchill got into the legislature of New Hampshire, did not the corruptionists shake in their boots, and the representatives of the railroad monopoly turn their thoughts toward the subject of cyclone-cellars? By all means let us have humorists and novelists in greater numbers — and poets too — among our representatives at the state capitals.

There is no public office to which literature may not climb in an age which has chosen a man of letters to be the President of the United States. We do not imagine that "The Winning of the West" alone would have won for Mr. Roosevelt the distinction of the chief magistracy, but there is a legitimate source of gratification

in the fact that the most exalted office in the land is filled by a man who has an honorable position among American historians and essayists. There is hardly another example in our history of a President having literary distinction apart from his office, although something might be said on this score for Jefferson and for John Quincy Adams. Some of our Presidents have had their "works" posthumously published in imposing sets of volumes, but the volumes belong, for the most part, in Lamb's category of books that are not books.

In the past, the rule of our public life seems to have been that a few foreign legations and consulates might properly be awarded to gentlemen of the literary profession, although even this largess has been rather grudgingly doled out. It has never been altogether true to say with the satirist that

> "We 're only known
> In courts where Adams trod and Franklin shone,
> By mute Ambassadors who grandly scorn to
> Maim any language save the one they 're born to,"

for the early appointments of Joel Barlow as minister to France and Irving as minister to Spain established a literary tradition in the diplomatic service which has been occasionally observed ever since. The names of Motley and Taylor and Lowell occur at once to the mind as among the most conspicuous that have ever adorned that service, while mention of the consular service as promptly suggests Hawthorne, Howells, Harte, and a host of others.

The brilliant success of our men of letters in these important public positions abroad might properly have suggested similar experiments at home. It has done so in occasional instances, although we cannot at the moment recall either a postmaster-poet or an excise-essayist. Walt Whitman, it will be remembered, occupied a petty government office until some one discovered that he was a poet, whereupon he was summarily dismissed! The late John Hay as Secretary of State offers our best recent example of a man of letters in high official station, but it was rumored that the years of his officialdom brought him to the opinion that his most distinctive literary performances had been sins of his youth for which he hoped to be forgiven.

Literature appears to receive somewhat more of public recognition (although none too much) in England than it does in the United States. We remember that Burns and Wordsworth were excise officers, and we take a certain pride in the fact that a poet and a dramatic critic, Mr. Dobson and Mr. Walkley, are, respectively, efficient public public servants in the Board of Trade and the Post-Office Department. A mere essayist, Mr. Birrell, is next to the Prime Minister the most conspicuous figure in the present Government, while the leader of the opposition, Mr. Balfour, is a graceful, if not a profound, metaphysician. Imagination balks at the effort to figure our own party leaders as either essayists or metaphysicians. We do occasionally discover men of letters strayed by accident into the halls of Congress, —

> "Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto," —

but we do not find that generous sprinkling of them that we observe in the average British Parliament. Moreover, England has in the laureateship one public post to which poets alone are eligible, which fact is clearly an official feather in the cap of literature.

Even royalty sometimes graces literature, not merely with patronage, but with actual performance. Julius Cæsar was a man of letters (as schoolboys know), and a very great man of letters in the opinion of so high an authority as Signor Ferrero. Nero was not the poet he thought himself, but he held his art in proper esteem. All men of English race take pride in the literary activities of Alfred the Great. In our own day, the King of Sweden and the Queen of Roumania are authors who would be taken seriously even if they did not occupy thrones, while the German Emperor, just because he occupies one, is taken seriously enough by his *entourage* when he drops into poetry. Having thus in our progress reached the pinnacle of rank, any further illustrations of literature in office would have the effect of an anti-climax, for which reason it seems best that no more be said.

CASUAL COMMENT.

A FACTITIOUS DEMAND FOR AN AUTHOR'S WORKS is always created when that author marries, dies, divorces his wife or is himself divorced by her, or otherwise does or says something that gets his name into the newspapers. "We are obliged," says one of the assistants in a large public library, "to watch the daily papers studiously in order to keep prepared for the demand for certain books and the works of certain authors. Whenever a prominent author dies, gets married, or figures prominently in the newspapers in any way, there is sure to follow within a day or two a greatly increased demand for his books. The same is true when a novel is dramatized." Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth" has of late enjoyed a renewed vogue — or, at least, the first volume has; for it is surprising (no, not surprising, human nature being what it is) how many persons yield to this sudden impulse to read an author, but

never get beyond a volume or two. Thus all our public libraries show multitudes of rebound and re-rebound first volumes, a lesser number of shabby second volumes, and a pretty uniform display of third and subsequent volumes of increasing immaculateness as we approach the end of the set. This state of things tells of a culture far other than that which develops steadily and silently from an inner principle, working itself out more and more into a self-poised and symmetrical whole. There are two classes of readers that are notably free from the outside influences above mentioned: they are the staid and sensible older readers, and the ever-conservative juvenile frequenters of the library, to whom "Robinson Crusoe" is as delightful as it was to their great-great-grandfathers. Theirs is the kingdom of literature, in its best sense.

* * *

SPAIN'S LITERARY AWAKENING is becoming a subject of frequent approving comment. A scholarly writer in *La Revue* (Paris) says that at last Spanish authors "have placed themselves in contact with the vibrant and sincere soul of the multitude." They have "transformed their sentiments, their processes, their very vocabularies, in such manner that it is not difficult to predict the flowering of a vigorous and original art worthy of Spain's historic greatness. . . . The novel has been ennobled and developed to the point of becoming the very opposite of what it had been at the close of the nineteenth century. . . . In the hands of the new-comers it gains vigor in that it appears to emanate from the very soul of the people. . . . Two traits in particular characterize the work of this great modern group: the perfecting of style, formerly discordant and riotous, and the successful effort to escape from those grandiloquent and irregular formulas which made the reading of earlier novels tedious." And thus, we are assured, "the way is opened for the triumph of sincerity and the final overthrow of rhetoric." In the other branches of literature also, especially in poetry, the drama, and criticism, the same democratic tendencies are asserting themselves. Furthermore, a political transformation to match the literary revolution is confidently predicted. It does really seem as if drowsy old Spain, with her young king, her new queen, her infant crown-prince, her lately achieved freedom from colonial clogs, and her newly-hatched brood of singing birds, were responding to the quickening influences of modern life.

* * *

A QUERY FOR THE DULL SEASON, and one which many an idle dreamer has already asked, is this: Can it be that the ancients lived in a present that was as real and as matter-of-fact to them as our present is to us? Yes, we venture to answer, and a good deal more so — excepting, perhaps, the era of the Renaissance and the brave days of Elizabethan voyaging and discovery. We live in an age of rapidly increasing wonders that would have driven the hungriest novelty-seeker of Athens dizzy with amazement. A converse query, not so often heard, is this: Will our very real and very modern present ever take on the ancient aspect and clothe itself in the vague mists that attach to the period of Rameses the Great? To this also we reply with an emphatic *yes*. With things material and spiritual taking new shapes and gaining new meanings every day, how can the men and women of the sixtieth century fail to regard the reality of our existence with the same incredulity that fills us on contemplating, for example, the ruins of Nineveh or Thebes? This thought may make the *nowness* of this year of grace 1907 turn pale and wan; but to the oppression of midsummer heat it brings a soothing sense of the transitoriness of all things, even of mosquitoes, hand-organs, automobiles, and other nuisances.

* * *

A TRULY ENCYCLOPÆDIC ENCYCLOPÆDIA, if one may judge by its size, is the famous Chinese Encyclopædia prepared by Chinese scholars nearly two centuries ago, issued in 5020 volumes (limited to 100 sets), and known to the Western world chiefly through the highly prized copy in the British Museum. Renewed attention is at this time called to the mammoth Chinese work because of the retirement of Sir Robert Douglass from the custodianship of Oriental printed books and manuscripts in the Museum. It was through his efforts, about fifteen years ago, that a set of the ponderous encyclopædia was secured. A certain Chinese prince was pinched for ready cash, and offered his copy of the work in question for sale. But as he would not part with it to a foreigner, some little scheming was necessary to obtain it for England. Through the agency of a discreet middleman the 5020 volumes were safely delivered, in fifteen cartloads, at the door of the British Legation, and in due time forwarded to London. The work, besides being a compendium of all Chinese knowledge at its date of publication, is adorned with many quaint illustrations. Sir Robert, its erstwhile guardian, is accounted an authority on things Chinese, and his retirement will be regretted.

* * *

A POVERTY-STRICKEN CREATOR OF IMAGINARY WEALTH is somewhat pathetically presented to our view in the person of that prolific producer of splendid romance, Madame de la Ramée, otherwise known as "Ouida." After luxuriating, with her tens of thousands of readers, in all the elegant superfluities that money can buy (in the pages of a novel), the unfortunate lady is said now to be hardly able to command the bare necessities. She who seemed born to live in princely palaces and to dispense hospitality with queenly hand, is reported to have fallen into a state of dependence on her own servants, a condition from which, however, she was fortunately rescued by a pension from the British government. The pecuniary relief was small, but, whatever its amount, there will be satisfaction felt that the contributor to the pleasure — we even venture to say, the innocent pleasure — of so many of her countrywomen, and of her countrymen in smaller

numbers, has at least been freed from the grim dread of starvation. Well would it have been for this woman, so generously endowed with creative imagination, could she have received also from some kind fairy a slight intermixture of conservative prudence among the gifts bestowed on her at birth. Surely, a little thrift in her days of prosperity would have safeguarded her from her present straits.

* * *

LITERARY EVENTS IN TOKYO receive no prominent mention in our newspapers, but from late Japanese journals we are pleased to learn that interest in the latest European and American literature is keen among the educated classes. Premier Saionji has been giving dinners to novelists, poets, and other writers, and there seems to have been much good talk at these gatherings on books and authors of other countries besides Japan. A characteristic feature of the banquets was the impromptu writing of sentiments, verses, or even plain signatures, on "spotless silk," as souvenirs of the occasion. The applause elicited by some of these extemporaneous efforts appears to us, it must be confessed, a little excessive. For example, we read that "among others, Rohan won the praise of all by writing in his manly caligraphy [a Japanese verse, thus translated]: 'On the Musashi plain vegetation grows free in its varied beauty.'" But the charm of poetry is untranslatable, and we must, in our ignorance of Japanese, take the rare beauty of these specimens on trust. Among English and American books advertised by Tokyo booksellers are to be noted Leslie Stephen's "Agnostic's Apology" and Dr. William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience." Free-thought is nowhere more at home than in Japan.

* * *

A WAVE OF LITERARY PURITANISM, or something like it, appears to be sweeping over England and engulfing her educational authorities. Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" has been blacklisted at Tilbury, and the London Education Committee has declared "Mary Barton" unfit for juvenile reading. Mrs. Gaskell, it is alleged, is guilty of admitting to her book sundry disquieting "references to immoral doings"; and the descriptions of riots in Lancashire would "rend the hearts of young children." Children must, no one would dispute, sooner or later learn to distinguish between good and evil; but the method of training here adopted cannot but suggest the inadequate natatory drill of the girl immortalized in nursery rhyme. The boys and girls of Britain will become objects of pity when Marryat and Stevenson and perhaps even Miss Yonge and Mrs. Marshall are put under lock and key, and the most exciting literature allowed is furnished by the "Bessie Books." * * *

A LIBRARY REPORT ON A NEW PLAN is that prepared by Mr. John Cotton Dana, librarian of the Newark (N. J.) Public Library. Its arrangement of topics is alphabetical, with occasional cross-references. This is a time-saving device, and though the dictionary plan may have been used by other librarians, this is the first instance we have noticed of its employment in this connection. The Newark library occupies a fine new building — that is, new six years ago — and under Mr. Dana's headship it is doing good work in all its many departments. It maintains police-station and post-office libraries, sends out to other cities and towns a noteworthy book-binding exhibit, opens its rooms for the meetings of ninety-one literary, educational, charitable and other organizations, gives lessons on the use of its facilities, circulates annually a number of books nearly equal to twice the population of the city, issues more than two hundred mimeograph bulletins and lists to aid readers, and engages in many other praiseworthy enterprises. Evidently the new librarian and the new building have given a fresh impetus to library activity in Newark. * * *

A BYRON MEMORIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY is among the possibilities of the near future. Mr. Charles Rathbone Law, the historian, is reported as actively interested in the matter; and he must have a considerable following in all English-speaking lands. It appears that when Byron died, Dean Ireland refused to let his remains be buried in the Abbey; and it has been plausibly conjectured that his motives were the same as those suggested by Henley when he wrote: "Two obvious reasons why Byron has long been a prophet more honored abroad than at home are his life and his works." But there are many monuments in Westminster Abbey erected to genius rather than virtue, and some bear testimony to neither. There are even kings of England reposing beneath its pavement who might find it hard to show cause why they should not have been excluded from the sacred precincts.

* * *

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN THE SOUTH are almost as rare as violets in October. Georgia, one of the least backward of Southern States in library progress, has only eight free public libraries that occupy their own buildings, with three more in process of construction. This information is found in a "Handbook of the Libraries of the State," issued by the Carnegie Library of Atlanta. It contains also an account of the State Library Association, the library laws of Georgia, the Georgia Library Commission, and an illustrated summary of public libraries in the State. Our great South, with its dearth of libraries, ought to make Mr. Carnegie take heart of grace: there is still hope that he need not die disgracefully rich, so numerous are the unlibraried cities and villages awaiting the bestowal of his bounty.

* * *

MONUMENTAL NEGLECT OF DICKENS is perhaps the appropriate phrase for the astonishing lack of that sort of visible memorial of the great novelist which one would have most confidently looked for in London. But though thirty-five years have passed since he died, no bust to perpetuate his memory has until now been on view in any public spot in the city. A bust by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has just

been erected very near where "Pickwick" was begun, the site of Furnival's Inn, Holborn, where Dickens lived from 1834 to 1839, while he was acting as reporter on "The Morning Chronicle." The offices of an insurance company hold prosaic possession of the spot at present, but the effigy will serve as a welcome reminder of the storied past. "First in fiction, first in the affections of novel-readers, and last to get a monument," one might feel inclined to say, *à propos* of this event.

* * *

A NEW BOOK ON IBSEN that will attract attention and find many readers is promised from the pen of Mr. Edmund Gosse, one of the Norwegian's earliest English friends and interpreters, and one with whom, as we learn from his published letters, he interchanged friendly correspondence as early as 1872. Biography and criticism will intermingle in Mr. Gosse's work, much as in the handy and popular "English Men of Letters" series. The book is expected to appear in the autumn.

COMMUNICATIONS.

EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA GIVEN BY AMERICAN STUDENTS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In a paragraph concerning the presentation of the earlier English drama by undergraduates of American colleges, in a recent issue of THE DIAL (June 16, 1907), I find two errors that are worth correcting. The recent Princeton production of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" was antedated by a production at Brown University, April 23, 1904. Udall's "Roister Doister" has never been given at Harvard, but was presented this season in Boston by students of the Emerson College of Oratory. Other revivals of "Roister Doister" are: Tufts College, June 6, 1895 (I think its first presentation in America); Bryn Mawr, Nov. 8, 1895; Butler College, Indianapolis, 1896; Yale University, May 2, 1900; the University of Vermont, the spring of 1900; and the Roxbury (Mass.) High School, April 15 and 16, 1904.

An interesting chapter is yet to be written, containing a full account of American academic representation of Shakespeare's predecessors and contemporaries. Meanwhile, perhaps THE DIAL has room for a few desultory data on the subject. In the order of time, the following college presentations have been made. Harvard, March 20, 1895, gave Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," the cast acceptably filled by students from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, New York City. The interior of the Swan Theatre was faithfully reproduced, and twenty-two Harvard undergraduates gave vivid illustration of the customs of Shakespeare's time. The Delta Upsilon Society of Harvard presented Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday," April 28, 29, 30, 1898, and has been accustomed to give annually an older English play — the last (1907) being Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle." These performances are, in acting and in management, in care of the undergraduates. Tufts gave the "First Pageant of the Shepherds" (Towneley series), Feb. 27, 1900. A little later the "Second Pageant of the Shepherds" was played by students of Yale, in conjunction with a dramatized version of Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale." The year 1901 saw the "Shoemaker's Holiday" again, at Butler College, Indiana; an out-of-door "As You Like It," June 14 and 15, at the University of Chicago; and Milton's "Comus," June 4 and 5, at Tufts. Brown University gave a series of performances in 1904, including, besides the "Faustus" already mentioned, the Chester version of "Noah's Flood," "The Slaughter of the Innocents," "The Revesby Sword Play," a scene from the Robin Hood plays, and John Redford's morality, "Wyt and Science."

This hasty enumeration makes no mention of Wellesley's marked activity, through the Barn Swallows and the Shakespeare Society, in bringing to life half-forgotten plays. Shakespeare's romantic and fairy comedies, such as "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest," have more than once been played out-of-doors, with brilliant light and costume effects; "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" and Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd" have delighted well-informed audiences. Anyone who has witnessed one or more of those charming plays upon the green at Wellesley has a memory of enchantment. Tufts vied with Wellesley in an open-air performance of Thomas Dekker's "Old Fortunatus," June 1, 2, and 4, 1906, with thirty-five speaking parts, and fifty-six mutes, including Queen Elizabeth herself before whom the play was presented. The costumes, music, and dancing were correct as well as impressive.

D. L. MAULSBY.

Tufts College, Mass., July 16, 1907.

THE ORIGIN OF "GRAFT."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In this word, which has rushed into extraordinary popularity and common use within the last two or three years, so that it can hardly be called any longer mere slang, we have another example of the degradation of a once honorable word. One of Dean Trench's popular books on the English language discusses such changes with several examples. Such are "knave" and "churl," the first of which meant boy, then servant, at last rogue; the second meant man, especially a strong man, and next a rude man, as one who presumes on his strength.

Now if anyone has puzzled himself in trying to connect this new word of opprobrium with the horticultural operation whereby a twig is inserted into a tree to win a new source of life, let him understand that he is looking in the wrong direction. Forty or fifty years ago, "graft," which has succeeded the less euphonious "boodle," meant one's regular occupation or business. See Hotten's Slang Dictionary, which gives no other meaning (date about 1865). When one English workman asked another, "What is your graft?" he imputed no dishonor. The answer involved the name of a trade: "I 'm a mason," or "I 'm a tanner."

In fact, it was a slight mispronunciation of the word *craft*, familiar to readers of the New Testament in the nineteenth chapter of Acts, in the story of the tumult at Ephesus. Demetrius the silversmith said, "By this craft we have our wealth . . . this our craft is in danger." The Revised Version substitutes the words "business" and "trade." While the words "handicraft" and "craftsman" have retained their dignity, "crafty" has passed from its original meaning, skilful, into the disgrace of tricky, deceitful. "Craft" is dropping out of use; hence the revisers used those other words, and its derivative "graft" is sorely degraded.

SAMUEL WILLARD.

Harbor Springs, Mich., July 20, 1907.

The New Books.

Lord Chesterfield as Statesman and Diplomat.*

If for convenience' sake, and with the sanction of good authority, we let the words "eighteenth century" denote the period between the last English and the first French revolution (1688–1789), we shall find the life of not the least representative eighteenth-century Englishman falling entirely within that term, with six years' margin at one end and sixteen at the other. Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, believed the end and aim of our mortal existence to be the repression of spontaneities and the assiduous cultivation of elegant artificialities. His excessive regard for externals, and his cynical disbelief in anything genuine behind the mask, helped to make his the "age of prose, of lying, of sham, the fraudulent-bankrupt century," that Carlyle so mercilessly railed at, at the same time that he chose not a few of his heroes — his Friedrich, his Goethe and Schiller, his Johnson and his Burns — from the middle and end of that era of corruption and cant.

Mr. W. H. Craig announces, in a brief preface to his "Life of Lord Chesterfield," the motive that has prompted him to add to the "already over-crowded list of writings" on the courtly Earl. He believes that hitherto enough, and more than enough, attention has been given "to his private life and correspondence, and to his wit, his *savoir faire*, his peculiar system of practical ethics, his sallies into the field of literature, his theory of the 'Graces,' and his various questionable proclivities"; but that too little has been devoted "to the consideration of those rarer and higher qualities which distinguished him as a valuable public servant to whose ability, zeal, energy, political foresight, incorruptibility, and dexterity England is more indebted than she appears to recognize at present." Therefore he avoids dwelling on the former and more familiar attributes, and seeks to emphasize the latter. The record of Lord Chesterfield's public services is open to all; but how far they were disinterested services, and how far prompted by personal and selfish motives, is matter for debate. His apologist, if one may so designate his latest biographer, is temperate and judicious in tone, and has presented what appears to be a not too flattering picture of the man. A glimpse of Chesterfield in a *rôle* that well suited him is afforded in the following passage descriptive of his ambassadorial life at The Hague; the paragraph furnishes also a fair sample of the writer's impartial treatment of his theme.

"His new vocation was pleasant to a man of his temperament, who, though he affected to be 'simply a man of pleasure,' was in reality fond of work and desirous of pleasing others. . . . A remarkable instance of his desire to conciliate those whose opinions might differ ever so widely from his own, is afforded by his account of an incident, by which, as he remarks, 'I have acquired some degree of reputation.' 'You must know,' he proceeds [in a letter to Lady Suffolk], 'that last Sunday I treated the people here with an English christening in my chapel of a Black-a-moor boy that I have, having had him first instructed fully in the Christian faith by my chaplain, and examined by myself. The behaviour of the young Christian was decent and exemplary, and he renounced his *likeness* with great devotion, to the infinite edification of a very numerous audience of both sexes.' And then follows the inevitable mocking tag, 'Though I have by these means got the reputation of a very good Christian, yet the more thrifty and frugal people here call my parts and economy a good deal in question for having put it out of my power ever to sell him.' That he was an assiduous man of business is evident from the references we meet with in his correspondence with the Secretaries of State at home, and more especially from Lord Townshend's repeated tributes to his zeal and activity. His store of energy was inexhaustible. Before he left England it expended itself chiefly on society; but when he was given the chance of employing it more usefully, no man could devote himself with a keener zest to the work before him."

Lord Chesterfield's greatest public service was the introduction of the reformed or Gregorian calendar into England, after the accumulated error of the Julian calendar, then in use, had amounted to eleven days. The English year, too, had hitherto begun on the 25th of March, while all other European countries, except Russia and Sweden, began their year with the first of January, Gregorian reckoning. Of course the popular resistance to a change — to the acceptance of a calendar amended by a Pope of Rome — was great; but Chesterfield's eloquence carried Parliament with him, and the new order went into effect in 1752. Nor does the chief author of the reform appear to have incurred the people's ill-will, though they were bitter against Lord Macclesfield and Dr. Bradley, the Astronomer Royal, his efficient helpers in the good cause. This event in Chesterfield's life is worthy of especial note, since his name is so seldom associated with the reform of our calendar.

What Mr. Craig has to say about the Earl's private character, and the moral, or immoral,

*Life of Lord Chesterfield. By W. H. Craig. With 28 full-page illustrations. New York: John Lane Co.

precepts so lavishly scattered through his letters to his son, is all in the temper of an impartial biographer. For instance, he writes:

"It is not the object of these pages to whitewash Chesterfield. He was not a 'good man' in the conventional sense of the term, but one of those who assign to expediency that position which is the right of conscience; and readers must be left to decide how far, considering the time in which he lived and the special object he had in view, he was justified in laying down such a code of morals as the *Letters* contain for the guidance of his son. When we come to discuss his precepts as to manners and deportment, we find ourselves upon firmer ground, though, even here, the march of time has played havoc with much of his wisdom. Dr. Johnson averred that, 'leaving out the immorality, the *Letters* might be made a very pretty book which should be put into the hands of every young gentleman;' and to a certain extent this is true, though young gentlemen of the present day would be slow, and very justly, to accept his lordship's code of manners. Our youths have outgrown the *petit-maître*-ism which was the distinguishing characteristic of an elegant young gentleman of Chesterfield's day, and any youth formed upon that model would now be regarded as a milksop and a prig. Still the *Letters* abound with invaluable rules for conduct which, though every well-brought-up lad knows them perfectly well, he will be nothing the worse for being reminded of."

There are many acts in Chesterfield's life that became him less than his manner of leaving it. In accordance with instructions contained in his last will and testament — "Satiated with the pompous follies of this life of which I have had an uncommon share, I would have no posthumous ones displayed at my funeral, and therefore desire to be buried in the next burying-place to the place where I shall die, and limit the whole expenses of my funeral to £100"— he was buried in Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, London; but his friends afterward so far disregarded his dying wishes as to remove his body to the family burying-place at Shelford.

The book is written in an agreeable narrative style that shows marks of scholarly care, although a slight lack of system betrays itself in some few repetitions and in an occasional disregard of chronological order. Many portraits and a full index are provided, as well as numerous footnotes.

The Subject of Clothes.*

Is a smile or a sigh the appropriate comment on the long tyranny of fashion recorded by Mrs. Aria and Mr. Calthrop in their beautiful new volumes on the history of Costume? From page to page the reader wavers between the two expressions, smiling over the grotesque and incongruous fixings, sighing over the extravagance, the discomfort, the ugliness. Fortunately, however, both authors take an indulgent attitude toward the facts they record, so that under their influence the smile is likely to predominate, though chastened by consciousness of pathos.

For the manner of both records, the reader can have little but praise. Both authors are fully responsive to their subjects, both describe clearly and fully, and both know the value of plentiful illustrations. Mrs. Aria, writing much the smaller book, takes a wider range of subject, and treats it eclectically. After brief but incisive comment on Greek, Roman, and mediæval dress, she gives a chapter to the most striking characteristics of costume in each century from the thirteenth through the nineteenth. While English costume is chiefly considered, there are illuminating glimpses of German, French, and Italian fashions, at corresponding times. Added chapters on peasant, oriental, bridal, dancing, ceremonial, and threatrical dress will make the volume a lamp and a guide to those in search of inspiration for fancy dress costumes. The text is often witty and always interesting. Mr. Anderson, the illustrator, can scarcely be overpraised for the excellence of his work. Hating all ugliness, he deftly turns a picturesque aspect of even the most impossible fashions toward us. How he manages to make them so attractive is past comprehension, unless it is by associating them with beautiful faces. Who would not wear a monstrous hennin on her locks, or a ship in full sail, or even horns a yard long, if by so doing she could look as winsome as these pictured ladies? Even to Queen Elizabeth in full panoply of peace (and was ever panoply of war so formidable?) he gives a face as sweet as the traditional dairymaid's. The sixteen colored plates are a delight to behold, with form and line studied to the perfection of grace, and colors so delicate and so well blended that they fairly melt in the eye. Between author and illustrator, the reader closes the book with a thoroughly kindly feeling toward departed fashions, though with the hope that there is no impiety in being thankful they are departed.

Intensively, Mr. Calthrop is much more ambitious in his book, though he confines his attention to English costume. Of this his treatment is so thorough as to merit for his work the old-fashioned phrase "a complete compen-

*Costume — Fanciful, Historical, and Theatrical. Compiled by Mrs. Aria. Illustrated by Percy Anderson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

English Costume, Painted and Described by Dion Clayton Calthrop. New York: The Macmillan Co.

dium." Each reign, from the Conqueror's down, receives a chapter impartially divided between the wear of men and of women, and illustrated with two full-page figures in color. These seventy canvases — one can scarcely speak of them as anything less — destine the book to be used chiefly as that most delectable of creations, a picture-book for "grown-ups," with educational value enough to salve the mature conscience for enjoying such things. This destiny is made more sure by half-tone reproductions of some thirty engravings by Hollar and sixty by the Dightons, with innumerable line-drawings by the author. Mr. Calthrop is his own illustrator, and often says "If I can't describe this, I can draw it." His use of color is daring, but his artistic sense is as sure as it is cheerful; so that his portrait gallery, though higher in tone than Mr. Anderson's, is equally grateful to the eye. In his drawings, his sense of humor is often apparent. What matter whether the sketch is pretty or not, if it correctly represents the fact? In his writing, Mr. Calthrop is something less of an artist. Still, in making a compendium, he could hardly avoid packing his facts. After the enormous amount of research, it is remarkable that he can handle his subject as lightly as he does. Interesting and readable he certainly is, in spite of an occasional slip in idiom or construction. He has a happy faculty for making his costumes live, as it were, in the times to which they belong. Taking his stand in Caxton's shop at the beginning of Edward IV.'s reign, he says:

"You will notice that all, or nearly all, the passers-by Caxton's have long hair; that the dandies have extra-long hair brushed out in a cloud at the back; that the older men wear long, very simple gowns, which they belt in at the waist with a stuff or leather belt, on which is hung a bag-purse; that these plain gowns are laced across the front to the waist over a vest of some colored stuff other than the gown. . . . Edward himself has been to the shop, and has consented to become patron of an edition of Tully, — Edward with his very subtle face, his tall, handsome appearance, his cold, elegant manners. He is dressed in a velvet gown edged with fur; the neck of the gown is low, and the silk vest shows above it. Across his chest are gold laces tapering to his waist; these are strait across the front of his gown-opening. His hair is strait and falls to the nape of his neck. The skirts of his gown reach to his knees, and are fur-edged; his sleeves are full at the elbows and tight over his wrists; he is wearing red Spanish leather tall boots, turned over at the top."

This vivifying method, together with the fact that Mr. Calthrop does not forget to describe the dress of the common people, will render the book invaluable to students of history. Equally satisfactory is his evolutionary sense, by which he traces the continuous development of new species from old; he not only declares that the liripipe came from the peak of the hood, the vest from the surcoat, and the coat from the tunic, but shows by description and drawing how it all happened. He believes, too, in the causal connection between life and clothes, and the doubts which that belief gives rise to add the spice of unanswered inquiry to his pages. He can go so far as to say that "a fashion is born, not made." But whether clothes result from character or character from clothes, he has not yet decided. It is much, however, to keep before us the Sartor-philosophy that "in this one pregnant subject of Clothes, rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done, or been," and we shall not blame him if he could not, any more than Sartor himself, tell us just how the inclusion came about.

MAY ESTELLE COOK.

TEN FAMOUS FRENCHMEN.*

Mr. Tallentyre's "Life of Voltaire," published a few years ago, was favorably received, and aroused renewed interest in the character and career of the man who stood for liberty when the word, for France, was nothing more than a historical expression. But Voltaire, as is well known, was only one — though the leading one — of a cluster of great names, the "alpha," as astronomers say, of a constellation which illuminates that part of the heavens of history known as the eighteenth century. It was inevitable that Mr. Tallentyre, while prosecuting his Voltairean studies, should have become profoundly interested in the other thinkers and philosophers whose lives and writings constituted a noble protest against the age-long tyranny whose knell they helped to sound. These by-products of his researches he has now gathered into a volume which forms a valuable supplement to his Life of Voltaire and will be welcomed by all admirers of that book.

"The Friends of Voltaire" is cast in the form of anecdotal biography, and tells the stories of ten men whose lives fell very closely together, the earliest birth among them dating from 1713, and only one of them (Grimm) living into the nineteenth century (1807). The ten men were thus true contemporaries; and, aside from their friendship with Voltaire, they were more or

* THE FRIENDS OF VOLTAIRE. By S. G. Tallentyre. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

less closely associated with one another. Mr. Tallentyre endeavors to characterize them by giving each an identifying label, as follows: D'Alembert the Thinker, Diderot the Talker, Galiani the Wit, Vauvenargues the Aphorist, D'Holbach the Host, Grimm the Journalist, Helvétius the Contradiction, Turgot the Statesman, Beaumarchais the Playwright, Condorcet the Aristocrat.

At one period or another in his long and stormy life, Voltaire was brought into touch with these apostles of liberalism. Some of them knew him but slightly, and he did not hesitate to criticize them caustically enough at times; but on the whole, as the author says, "their aim was his aim, to destroy from among the people 'ignorance, the curse of God'"; and they, like him, "were the prophets and the makers of a new dispensation." So the term "Friends of Voltaire" is not ill-chosen.

The ten studies are of nearly the same length, but of varying merit; the most penetration and sympathy being shown in the papers on D'Alembert and Diderot, the creators of the famous *Encyclopédie*. The gay little abbé Galiani is sketched with something of his own incisive wit; and the good-natured "*maître d'hôtel* of philosophy," the rich Baron d'Holbach, whose hospitable homes in the Rue Royale and at Grandval were for nearly thirty years headquarters for the wits and celebrities of all nations, is given a meed of gratitude as having provided the *rendezvous* for those who were engaged in the great intellectual revival of the time. Vauvenargues, the author of a single book, is perhaps the most winning face that looks upon us from the walls of this little gallery. A Rochefoucauld without the cynicism, his maxims leave only a good taste in the mouth and a good impulse in the heart. Prosperity soured La Rochefoucauld; adversity trained and sweetened Vauvenargues, and we may, with Mr. Tallentyre, say of him that the flippant and false, clever and silly eighteenth century is "in some sort redeemed by the brave silent life and the high ideals he proved practical and not visionary by fulfilling himself, of this soldier aphorist."

In this decade of essayists, probably the least articulate was the statesman Turgot; but he wrought with all the powers God and man had given him for the betterment of his oppressed fellow-countrymen. It is a familiar story to the students of French history, but it is not one to be told with levity; and Mr. Tallentyre, on approaching it, lays aside the sparkling and debonair style which seemed an appropriate medium for Voltaire and his friends. With grave and measured speech, as of one walking over a battlefield, he sketches the conditions which prevailed in France during the reign of Louis the "Well-beloved." "Consider that these people had been scourged for generations by hundreds of unjust and senseless laws, made by and for the benefit of their oppressors, and that they were now the victims of taxes whose very name has become an indictment and whose description is a justification of the French Revolution." Then follows a brief account of the oppressive *taille*, *corvée*, *milice*, and *gabelle*, and of the still more frightful irregular burdens which could be imposed at any time by the autocrat at Versailles.

> "What effect would hundreds of years of such oppression have on the character of the oppressed? Hopeless, filthy, degraded, superstitious with the craven superstition which made them the easy prey of their unscrupulous clergy and left them wholly sensual and stupid; as animals, without the animals' instinctive joy of life and fearlessness of the morrow; with no ambitions for themselves or the children who turned to curse them for having brought them into such a world; with no time to dream or love, no time for the tenderness which makes life life indeed, — they toiled for a few cruel years because they feared to die, and died because they feared to live. Such were the people Turgot was sent to redeem."

As Intendant of Limoges, and later as Controller-General of Finances, Turgot succeeded in alleviating many abuses which it would take a French Revolution to sweep entirely away.

Of other friends of Voltaire, — of Grimm the astute journalist, Helvétius the materialist, Beaumarchais of "Figaro" renown, — Mr. Tallentyre writes with a light but assured touch, doing justice to their merits and their services in the great cause, and leaving of them all such convincing pen-pictures as almost to make needless the ten portraits with which the book is embellished.

There are many glimpses, too, of the brilliant women whose gay and easy society was alike a relaxation and a stimulus to these thinkers and writers — from Catherine the Great of Russia down to Mme. de Tencin, the intellectual but heartless mother of D'Alembert. This philosopher was later comforted, however, for his mother's desertion of him, by the companionship and affection of Julie de Lespinasse; and the admirers of Mrs. Humphry Ward will appreciate the allusion to one of her later novels in the following paragraph:

> "The history of that *ménage*, of the brilliant, impulsive, undisciplined girl, with her plain face and her matchless charm, and of the blind old woman she

tended, deceived and outwitted, has been told in fiction as well as history. How, when Madame du Deffand was asleep, her poor companion held for herself reunions of the bright particular stars of her mistress' firmament, and how the old woman, rising a little too early one day, came into the room and with her sightless eyes saw all, is one of the familar anecdotes of literature."

The book, throughout, is entertaining, and helpful to a clear understanding of a momentous and often misunderstood epoch in both history and literature.

JOSIAH RENICK SMITH.

THE OLD BRITISH ENGRAVERS.*

Mr. Salaman's account of the old English engravers is a work of rare interest and entertainment. To the lover of the old copper-plate prints, who appreciates an engraving for its beauty, its charm, and its artistic merit, whether in line, in mezzotinto, or in stipple, the book will commend itself most highly, as it is written wholly from the artistic standpoint, with no consideration for the commercial side which measures the value of a print alone by its auction-room price. On this point the author says: "I have had no thought for that print-collector with whom considerations of 'state' and margin are more urgent than the appeal of pictorial beauty or human interest. To him, the price at Christie's will count, perhaps, for more than the intrinsic interest of the print, or the life-story of the engraver."

Mr. Salaman traces copper-plate engraving in England from 1540, when it made its first appearance "in a book of midwifery called 'The Byrth of Mankynde,' surely a very appropriate title to begin with," and tells us that "the earliest known example of copper-plate engraving devoted by a native artist primarily to the service of portraiture" was "Eliza Triumphans," a portrait of England's Virgin Queen, by William Rogers, in 1589. Rogers was not, however, the earliest known engraver in England, that distinction belonging to Thomas Geminus, a surgeon in the household of Henry VIII., who copied the plates for the famous book on anatomy by Vesalius, in 1545. Among the seventeenth-century men who followed in line engraving, the names best known are Elstrack, de Passe, Droeshout (who at twenty-two engraved Shakespeare's portrait for the first folio edition of his works and which, *mirabile dictu*, called forth Ben Jonson's lines of approval), William Marshall (whose portrait of Milton the poet derided in Greek lines that he gave to the unsuspecting engraver to set beneath it), Faithorne (who has preserved for us possibly the only authentic likeness of the blind Milton, which he rendered from life when the poet was sixty-two), Wenceslaus, Hollar, and Robert White.

The beautiful art of mezzotinting not unnaturally comes in for the greatest space, and its history is most admirably given in the running story of the lives and works of the famous scrapers, from Prince Rupert down to Reynolds, Turner, and Cousins, the last of the masters who began by using copper-plates and finished their careers on plates of hardened steel. The great English line engravers of the eighteenth century, Strange, Woollett, and Sharp, whose best works have never been equalled by men in any other land, receive just and appreciative consideration, and the volume closes with a notice of Bartolozzi, Ryland, Caroline Watson, Schiavonetti, Burke, and the other like producers of those "pretty" stipple pictures after Angelica Kauffmann and Cipriani that have won the admiration of beginners in the cultivation of a taste for the great reproductive art of engraving.

The volume is indeed a combination of good things well served. Gossip and portraiture and art are deftly interlaced, so that the reading of the pages is no less agreeable than instructive.

CHARLES HENRY HART.

* THE OLD ENGRAVERS OF ENGLAND, in their relation to Contemporary Life and Art (1540-1800). By Malcolm C. Salaman. With forty-eight illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A FORGOTTEN CHAPTER IN WESTERN EXPLORATION.*

So little is heard nowadays of the achievements of that notable little group of adventurous mariners who explored the Northwest coast of our continent, that one is inclined to welcome with more than ordinary enthusiasm Professor Meany's bulky volume bearing the alluring title "Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound." From the words of his preface, one is indeed led to expect a contribution of much more than ordinary importance to the literature of Northwestern discovery,—in fact, such an exhaustive piece of editing as, for instance, is associated with the name of the late Dr. Elliott Coues. "The sources for a work of this kind," says Professor Meany, "are not easily accessible. Part of them have been printed in journals and voy-

* VANCOUVER'S DISCOVERY OF PUGET SOUND. By Edmond S. Meany. New York: The Macmillan Co.

ages, the books being long since out of print and rare; but by far the greater portion of the sources are in the public and private archives of England and Spain." One gathers from what follows that Professor Meany was fortunate enough to enlist the coöperation of a host of helpers at home and abroad, including the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the Elder Brethren of Trinity House, the Secretary of the Spanish Royal Academy of History, and the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia,—to mention no others,—and that his own researches extended over many years. In face of all this it is somewhat disconcerting to discover that of the 340 pages in Professor Meany's book some 280 are taken up with a verbatim reprint of Vancouver's narrative (pp. 33 to 385 of vol. II. of the second edition). To this text Professor Meany adds a number of foot-notes, for the most part, in the words of his sub-title, "biographies of the men honored in the naming of geographic features of Northwestern America." The first sixty pages are occupied by an introduction, followed by brief biographies of Vancouver and Quadra, and an historic sketch of Nootka Sound. With a few trifling exceptions, the material embodied in these sixty pages is readily accessible elsewhere, as is also of course Vancouver's own narrative. There remain the foot-notes. These, indeed, reveal much patient research, and are unquestionably of interest and value as a commentary upon place-names occurring in Vancouver's narrative; but they go far beyond the necessities of the case. For instance, Vancouver named a low sandy point of land New Dungeness, because of its resemblance to Dungeness in the English Channel. Professor Meany not only gives a detailed description of the old Dungeness in his foot-note, with a chart of the harbor, but branches out into a description of the old lighthouse at Dungeness, with a photographic reproduction; the lighthouse brings up the venerable institution of Trinity House, whose history is succinctly given; and this again suggests the new lighthouse, a description of which is clipped from an English newspaper. All this is doubtless interesting in its way, but does not seem very essential to an interpretation of Vancouver's narrative.

In the Introduction, Professor Meany quotes a number of passages from one of several logs, kept by officers and men of the "Discovery" and the "Chatham," and now preserved in the Public Record Office at London, *apropos* of Sir Joseph Banks's charge that Vancouver's discipline was harsh in the extreme. Why these disjointed passages are pressed in to bolster up a charge which, Professor Meany admits a page or two later, had no adequate foundation, it is difficult to understand; but it is much more difficult to understand why, having access to this mine of contemporary material, he should have made no further use of it. One can think of many obscure points in Vancouver's narrative which might have been made clear by the evidence of these original records, if some of the energy devoted to the elucidation of quite irrelevant questions had been turned in this direction.

All this sounds rather ungrateful, but it is disappointing to find so much genuine scholarship expended to, comparatively speaking, so little purpose. LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

RECENT FICTION.*

Mr. Ashton Hilliers is an English writer hitherto unknown to us. He proves his quality so well in "Fanshawe of the Fifth" that we hope to make his further acquaintance. The story, which drags at first, but grows steadily in interest, is concerned with the adventures of a younger son of the Fanshawes during the period of the Napoleonic wars. It is not, however, a story of warfare, for the hero pettishly resigns from his regiment before he has seen action, and at the same time cuts himself off from family and friends. The vagabond life which follows acquaints him with the stern realities of poverty and hunger, but proves his salvation in the end, for it brings him into relations with a family of Quakers

* FANSHAWE OF THE FIFTH. Being Memoirs of a Person of Quality. By Ashton Hilliers. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

KATHERINE. A novel. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE WINGLESS VICTORY. By M. P. Willcocks. New York: The John Lane Co.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE. By John Galsworthy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE DUST OF CONFLICT. By Harold Bindloss. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

A VICTOR OF SALAMIS. By William Stearns Davis. New York: The Macmillan Co.

BEATRIX OF CLARE. By John Reed Scott. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE UPPER HAND. By Emerson Gifford Tayler. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

THE GIANT'S STRENGTH. By Basil King. New York: Harper & Brothers.

BY RIGHT DIVINE. By William Sage. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

THE MASTER OF STAIR. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

THE INVADER. By Margaret L. Woods. New York: Harper & Brothers.

FRÄULEIN SCHMIDT AND MR. ANSTRUTHER. By the author of "Elizabeth in Her German Garden." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

HIS COURTSHIP. By Helen R. Martin. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

THE UNDEFILED. A Novel of To-day. By Frances Ayma Mathews. New York: Harper & Brothers.

whose simple virtues react upon his own character, giving it strength and serious purpose. When fortune unexpectedly comes to him, we feel that he fairly deserves it, as well as the love of the Quaker maiden whose gentle influence has done so much for him. The story is essentially one of manners and customs — the manners and customs of a rough age, and of both the higher and the lower classes of society. Gamblers, horse-thieves, blackguards, and rustics of many types figure in its pages. It is a story which exhibits much knowledge of men and affairs, a story which could not have been written by anyone not thoroughly imbued with the traditions of his race. It offers us the real thing, as distinguished from the artificial fabrication of the novelist who "gets up" his subject.

"Katherine" is the latest novel of Mr. E. Temple Thurston. Katherine Crighton was a young woman with a temperament. When her portrait (at the age of eighteen months) was exhibited in the galleries that fact was recognized, and it was generally predicted that she would be heard from when she grew up. When the eighteen months had become that number of years, or thereabouts, she married John Spurrier, Member of Parliament. Then she discovered that she wanted to be loved, and concluded that John did not love her in the right way. As a matter of fact, he loved her in the best way possible, but what she wanted was an effusive sentiment which it was not in his nature to bestow. So she allowed a philandering military gentleman to captivate her fancy. Presently she heard her death-warrant from the lips of a physician. She was a victim of cancer, and had not more than two years to live. This made her desperate, and she very nearly let herself go. Like the Abbesse de Jouarre, she wanted to get all there was out of life before the end came. She was indiscreet enough to visit her lover in his lodgings, and had just decided to run away with him, when John took a hand in the affair, had a brief but pointed interview with the military gentleman, and persuaded him that he had better quit. Then it turned out that the physician had been mistaken in his diagnosis, and that she was in no danger after all. This changed the whole face of matters. The lover would have been all very well for a year or two, but she concluded that John would wear better. He, being highly magnanimous, forgave her for the sinful intention, and we are expected to believe in a happy future for the two. This story, weighted with much futile philosophizing, is not exactly edifying, and its dulness is relieved by few flashes of brilliancy.

Another woman with a temperament is the heroine of "The Wingless Victory," by Mr. M. P. Willcocks. She lives on the South Devon Coast, and is the wife of the village physician. The husband is a rough diamond, and there was no sentiment in the marriage upon either side, the man having been impelled to it by the most prosaic considerations, and the woman by an experimental impulse. Not long thereafter, she turns the head of a youthful artist, native to those parts, and allows him to make callow love to her. When he is driven to supposed suicide, she takes the matter much to heart, and wonders what punishment fate has in store for her. Presently a child is born, becomes blind, and then dies of croup, which occurrences seem to indicate that her imaginary sin has found its punishment. Meanwhile, an interesting situation has developed in the village over the question of water-supply — a situation which finds her husband nearly in the position of Dr. Stockmann in "An Enemy of the People." He is hounded out of position and practice, and his wife finds a hiding-place in Dartmoor. Here she poses as a maiden, and spreads her net for a young farmer, who is captured only to discover that he has been tricked by a married woman. Having carried this experiment to successful completion, the woman concludes that duty now calls her back to her husband, with whom, after some difficulty, she reassumes conjugal relations. The author seems to find some sort of justification for all this erratic conduct in the woman's desire to live, to have experience, to realize herself; but the reader of sane instincts will follow her career with slight sympathy. The book has strength, however, although not in this plot with its dubious ethical implications. It is the strength of keen analysis, vivid descriptive power, and a characterization of the rustic population of Devon and Dartmoor fairly comparable with the work of Mr. Phillpotts and other disciples of the school of Thomas Hardy.

In summing up our recollections of "The Country House," by Mr. John Galsworthy, we are a little surprised at the contrast between the slightness of the story and the degree of interest which it has awakened. It concerns only the members of a small country family, with a few neighbors and visitors, only a few episodes of rather commonplace character. The only thing approaching the dramatic is the son and heir's entanglement with the wife of a drunken reprobate, who has, nevertheless, sufficient self-respect to institute divorce proceedings when he learns of the intrigue, and decency enough to withdraw them when he realizes that the prosecution of his case would hurt other people besides the guilty pair. This same son and heir also goes in for horse-racing, and gets deep into debt as a consequence. He makes a pretty poor hero; in fact, the story has neither hero nor heroine in the proper sense, and only a couple of characters with whom we have any sympathy whatever. Yet it is, as we have already suggested, an extremely interesting story, made so by the extraordinary precision of its characterization and literary phrasing. Few novelists are as successful as Mr. Galsworthy in adapting their means to their purposes, with the result, as in the present instance, of giving vivid reality to a group of commonplace people, and of reproducing the very atmosphere of the scenes in which they move.

It was no very serious matter — an indiscreet note, the gift of a trinket, and a stolen kiss — but

it had serious consequences. Tony Palliser, heir to an English country estate, and betrothed to Violet Wayne, was the culprit, and he was weak enough to let his poor kinsman, Bernard Appleby, bear the blame. The girl with whose affections he had trifled was a gamekeeper's daughter, and her father proceeded to blackmail Tony with considerable success. Finally, Bernard took a hand, interviewed the fellow, and knocked him down. The gamekeeper, who was drunk at the time, picked himself up, then stumbled into the river and was drowned. When his body was found the next day, bearing marks of violence, Bernard promptly drew suspicion to himself by fleeing from the country. We are glad on the whole that he fled, for otherwise we should have missed the capital story which follows. Bernard finds his way to Cuba, becomes a leader of a band of insurgents, and is mixed up in many exciting skirmishes. Then a rich American who has befriended him puts him in charge of a sugar-plantation in the disaffected district. When news comes of the Maine disaster, he concludes that the psychological moment has arrived, and he saves his employer's interests by boldly coming out on the side of the insurgents. Meanwhile, his employer's daughter, who has gone to England, finds herself among the scenes from which Bernard has fled. She causes the truth to transpire, and the wretched Tony, convicted of cowardice, starts for Cuba to see if he can make reparation. He makes it by saving Bernard's life, and at the same time conveniently dies in a skirmish. This leaves the field clear for Bernard, who presently goes back to England, renews his acquaintance with Violet, whom he has loved in secret all the time, and receives the pledge of her affection. This is the bare outline of a story which is rich in dramatic interest, and which exhibits remarkable powers of characterization and description. It is the work of Mr. Harold Bindloss, and is called "The Dust of Conflict."

The historical romance of classical times is apt to be an unsatisfactory performance. The Germans have been its chief practitioners, but have rarely succeeded in giving dramatic cogency to their productions, or to their characters the breath of life. Bulwer and Charles Kingsley probably came as near to success as is possible for a modern novelist, for the difficulties of the task are well-nigh insuperable. Either the story will be so stiffened by archæology as to present but the semblance of living action, or the treatment will be so frankly romantic as to destroy all verisimilitude. Mr. William Stearns Davis, in "A Victor of Salamis," has been measurably successful in steering between this Scylla and this Charybdis, and it is possible to read his book with a certain degree of interest, although he has to rely largely upon the adventitious aid of those consecrated associations which make the heart leap at the very names of Thermopylæ and Salamis and Platæa. These memorable struggles are his theme, and his list of characters includes Leonidas and Themistocles, Mardonius and the Great King. The battle scenes are described with vivid particularity, and the private interest of the narrative is provided by the fortunes of one Glaucon, an Athenian, falsely accused of medizing, driven into exile with the Persians, and returning at a critical moment to assist in the final repulse of the barbarian invader and bring discomfiture to his personal enemies. Knowledge and deep sympathy combine to make the book something more than readable, which is perhaps all that was to be expected of it.

"Beatrix of Clare," by Mr. John Reed Scott, is the latest example — and a glaring one — of Wardour Street fiction. It is a romance of Richard III., representing that maligned monarch as a noble character, albeit astute enough to fall in with the conditions of fifteenth century political morality. The story begins shortly before the murder of the princes in the Tower (of which crime Richard is held guiltless), and ends just before the invasion of Richmond. In manner and sentiment it is poor stuff, and about as unreal as possible. The knightly hero and the proud heroine are tricked out with the usual attributes of such lay figures, and the course of their love has to conquer the usual impediments before they are finally united.

Squire Warden is the leading citizen of a small New England Town. He is something of a skinflint, and his wealth has been acquired by various forms of sharp practice. In one case, many years before we become acquainted with him, cupidity had made him a criminal, for he had forged a will to his own benefit. Retribution is long delayed, but comes at last with the visit to his house one night of a piratical sea-farer, who brings with him a little girl. This picturesque old ruffian is the person whom the forged will has dispossessed, and the little girl is his child. By a combination of moral suasion with physical violence he persuades the Squire to adopt the child and pay a substantial sum of hush-money to her father. Several years then elapse, and the girl grows up to be an attractive young woman. Then the pirate reappears, settles down in the village, and proceeds to bleed the Squire at frequent intervals. His operations are conducted with a fine sense of humor, and we sympathize with them to a certain degree, especially when we discover that the money he wrings from his unwilling victim is being hoarded for the benefit of his daughter. Then the Squire, who owns a mill, has trouble with his men, and his tormentor takes particular delight in forcing him to make concessions to the fanatical agitator who has fomented the disturbance. The heroine, who is sought after by this very objectionable young man, is almost persuaded to become his wife in order to appease her guardian, now driven frantic by the dread of exposure. But she is saved from this fate by the intervention of an artist-lover, who bears her triumphantly away. These are the chief ingredients of a story which, despite its fantastic character, sustains our interest to the end. It is called "The Upper Hand," and is the work of Mr. Emerson Gifford Taylor.

The New Villain of American fiction, as we all know, is not the primitive creature who used to be the foil of virtue, and whose vulgar crimes we so willingly abhorred. His place is now usurped by the industrial magnate whose instruments of crime are political corruption, and the exploitation of the masses, and the crushing of the weak competitor. He has his nemesis, as a rule, not in the shape of unmasking and outward disgrace, but in the sting of a tardily-awakened conscience, or an uneasy realization that his success has not been worth its cost. The favorite form of treatment is to represent him as a loving husband or parent, wounded in his tenderest susceptibilities by the wife or children whose eyes become opened to the sources of his wealth, and whose condemnation, silent or expressed, is to him the most terrible of punishments. A typical example of this new-fashioned treatment of an old theme is given us in "The Giant's Strength," by Mr. Basil King. Paul Trafford, who is the richest man in America, is the giant, and his strength is tyrannously used for the purpose of driving his rivals to the wall. Discomfiture comes when his daughter falls in love with the son of one of those defeated rivals, and grows estranged from her father when she learns by what means he has acquired his fortune. The conclusion of the whole matter is touchingly sentimental, but not, we fear, altogether probable, for the chastened magnate undergoes a change of heart, becomes reconciled to his foes, both of the household and the mart, and we leave him bestowing his blessing upon the lovers and seeking to repair as far as possible the mischief he has done.

The contrasted ideals of civic and political morality held, respectively, by the older and the younger generation, are once more presented to our view in "By Right Divine," Mr. William Sage's latest invention. The older generation is represented by Senator Fordyce of Keenville, who has long held his State (politically) in the hollow of his hand, having for his allies a choice assortment of leading citizens. Francis Thayer, elected Governor of the State at the age of thirty-five, represents the younger generation, and it becomes his task to unmask the Senator and defeat the nefarious schemes of the corrupt political ring. Having outlined so much of the situation, we are almost ashamed to waste further space by adding that the Senator has a daughter, who is devoted to her father, but who is forced to condemn him when his iniquities are exposed. Mr. Sage handles this stock situation skilfully, and gives his story a certain freshness by various accessory devices. The plot contrived for the hero's undoing is too flimsy to gain much credence, and it must have been a very gullible Senate (we forgot to mention that the Governor had been translated to Washington as his enemy's colleague) that voted to unseat him upon the evidence offered. At the critical moment, the arch-offender comes to the scratch, confides his guilt to an astonished Senate, and takes his leave of politics forever. We refrain from insulting the intelligence of our readers by telling them what becomes of his daughter.

Miss Marjorie Bowen is a young woman who will bear watching. Her first novel, "The Viper of Milan," was rather preposterous, and nothing but the extreme youth of the writer could justify the praise which it got in certain interested quarters. Her second novel, "The Master of Stair," is so much more creditable a work that its merits are in no need of puffery. The breeziness with which it handles a disputed historical situation is a passport to our favor, although hardly suggestive of the critical temper. Its subject is the massacre of Glencoe, and the Master of Stair is the arch-villain of the tragedy. As for the King, he stands acquitted of anything worse than thoughtlessness in signing an order the purport of which is concealed from him, and his one appearance in the narrative is very cleverly managed. Miss Bowen has an amiable way of despatching her characters when they have served their purpose, a practice to be commended, because it greatly simplifies the clearing-up process of the closing chapter.

There seems to be no subject of scientific conjecture that the novelist may not, sooner or later, find fitted to his purpose. This eagerness to exploit the latest thing in thought or discovery shows how hard-pressed the writer of fiction is becoming under the stress of the popular demand for more, and still more, novels. It is not altogether a wholesome tendency, since the old material is good enough for the writer who knows how to use it, and the new material is often of questionable value for the uses of fiction. The subject of dual personality is just now in the air; it is a subject of which science itself knows next to nothing as yet. But this fact offers no obstacle to the novelty-seeking story-teller; rather does it encourage him in his determination to discourse of all things on earth and in heaven, with small regard for anything but picturesque or imaginative effect. We have read three novels of dual personality within the past twelvemonth; two of them were trifling affairs designed to be amusing and nothing more, but the third is the work of a serious writer whose talents we regret to see wasted upon so unprofitable a theme. It is entitled "The Invader," and is written by Mrs. Margaret L. Woods. The heroine is a young woman, a student struggling for honors at an Oxford College, who has the unpleasant habit of falling into a long sleep every few months, and awakening with a different character and a different set of memories. This is particularly embarrassing to the don whom she marries, because he is in love with one of her alternating characters and indifferent toward the other. Moreover, such is the perversity of man, it is the frivolous and reckless Mildred whom he loves, and not the clinging and conscientious Milly. When the young woman awakes in the former character, she makes things particularly lively for her *entourage*, and when she becomes Milly once more, she suffers from the consequences of Mildred's pranks. In

the character of Milly, which seems to be that which is normally hers, she conceives a horror of the other creature who invades her peaceful domestic existence, and when she finds out that her husband prefers Mildred to herself, she puts an end to her rival's existence by drowning the tenement common to them both. The interest of this fantastic tale is but moderate, which is chiefly due to the fact that the author takes her subject over-seriously, instead of frankly abandoning herself to its possibilities of comedy and dramatic effect.

"Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther" is a story told wholly in letters. Moreover, the letters are all written by one person, to wit., Fräulein Rose-Marie Schmidt, of Jena, the daughter of an impecunious scholar who writes unsalable books, and who occasionally takes young Englishmen into the family to teach them German. One of these guests is Roger Anstruther, who, when the story opens, has just left for England after making violent love to Rose-Marie, and contracting a secret engagement with her. It is in her letters to him that the story is unfolded; from them we learn how his love grows chill after a week or so, how he becomes engaged to an English heiress, about whom he writes in great detail to Rose-Marie, how he fares in various ways during the following year (for he keeps on writing and she keeps on replying), how eventually the heiress takes umbrage at his voluminous German correspondence and transfers her allegiance to a convenient duke, and how Roger then pleads in vain to be taken back into the affections of Rose-Marie. It is not very much of a story, but that does n't greatly matter, because it is Rose-Marie who really interests us all the while, and because her letters are the most delightful compound of bourgeois realism, sentimental fancy; and delicate humor. In one aspect, the book gives us the annals of a new Buchholz family; in another, it pictures a charming individuality. It is quite evident that Roger made a bad mistake when he let Rose-Marie slip from his grasp.

Mrs. Martin's intimate studies of the "Pennsylvania Dutch" have again borne fruit in a story marked by unusual powers of penetrating observation. It is, moreover, a story of considerable human interest in the wider sense, although we find it somewhat difficult to accept the extraordinary heroine. This young woman is of gentle extraction, but she has been abandoned in her infancy, and has fallen into the hands of a thrifty and illiterate German farmer, in whose family she grows up as the household drudge. To all outward seeming the embodiment of stolidity, she has, nevertheless, by the aid of a library of good literature left by her parents and stowed away in an unoccupied corner of the farmhouse, made herself a woman of refined culture in the best sense, although childishly ignorant of the actual world of cultivation. When the farmer opens his doors to take in summer boarders, her opportunity appears, for among these boarders is the young professor of psychology in a neighboring university. He discovers the young woman's true character, and at the same time discovers documents which make her an heiress. For all this, she could do no less than love him, and the conventional romantic outcome ensues. A vein of charming comedy is supplied by the appearance, among the summer boarders, of the university president's daughter, a soulful creature for whom life is one protracted pose. During her stay, the professor protects himself by assuming the disguise of a farm hand, maintaining the deception far beyond any probable limits. Her endeavors to arouse his sluggish faculties to some conception of the higher life makes very diverting reading.

Judith Harriman is the heiress of a French estate amounting to twenty million francs, of which she may take possession at any moment by presenting her claim. This she refuses to do, for some unexplained reason, and comes to America to earn her living. This causes despair to her mother, who is living in poverty in Paris, and also to the Duke de Montrésor, who has ardently wooed her charms and her millions. When her story begins for us, she is occupied in giving parlor-talks and recitations at a summer-school of soulful philosophers somewhere in Connecticut. Here she meets the popular novelist and poet, Sidney Conningsby, who promptly succumbs to her fascination. After an episode in which she is kidnapped by the duke, chloroformed, imprisoned in a New York hotel, and makes her escape, she returns to the summer colony, presently marries the poet, and goes away with him to spend a year on the Isthmus, where he is to write his great novel. The year elapses, and they return with a manuscript and a child. The manuscript is rejected (for somehow the novelist seems to have lost his grip) and the child dies. Poverty overtakes the couple, and the husband is unfaithful to the wife, who leaves him, and becomes the "social secretary" of the real hero of the book, a man of ample cardiac and muscular development, who has cherished the memory of a casual meeting with her in France years before. Then the faithless husband starts to run away with the new object of his affections. Their vehicle collides with a trolley-car, and Conningsby is fatally injured. Then Judith takes possession of his paramour, carries her away to Paris, claims the millions, divides them between her rival, her mother, and an amiable clergyman devoted to charitable works, and returns to America penniless. The death of her husband has left her free to marry the man who has loved her all the time, and she yields gracefully to the inevitable. It will be seen from this synopsis that Judith's story is abundantly supplied with exciting incident; this is about all that may possibly be said in its favor, for it is both unreal in characterization and preposterous in invention. It is the work of Miss Frances Agmar Mathews, and is entitled "The Undefiled" for some mysterious reason.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

Briefs on New Books.

Romance and history of the Jamestown folk.

In spite of the historical importance of the event celebrated, the Jamestown Exposition has called out fewer books than former expositions. Among the Jamestown books, Mrs. Roger A. Pryor's "The Birth of the Nation" (Macmillan) is easily the best. Mrs. Pryor has already made interesting contributions to history in "The Mother of Washington and Her Times" and "Reminiscences of Peace and War," both of which are more serious efforts than the present volume. In the work under review, Mrs. Pryor aims simply to give a readable sketch of the early attempts at colonization by the English, with special attention to the Jamestown settlement and the work of Captain John Smith. It is based upon all the available sources, and these have been fairly well used. There is no offensive display of the critical spirit; neither is the author credulous. Her attitude toward the traditions may be illustrated by her comment on John Smith: "He has been accused of coloring his narratives too highly; indeed, of inventing some of them. For myself, I admire him too much to concede more than the *cum grano salis* with which, also, we daily and hourly season much that we hear." Some of John Smith's fabrications are forgiven as having been based on the principle enunciated by the Sunday-school boy: "A lie is an abomination unto the Lord and a very present help in time of trouble." The reader is thankful to Mrs. Pryor for exhibiting the humorous side of things. Even the temperance people cannot prevent us from feeling amused at the first Indian who met his "greefe" through "hot drinks, but was all right next morning"; and what a country it was where much land could be purchased for "two great guns and a grindstone"! and what a man was the redoubtable John Smith, for whom a gallows was erected, but who "could not be prevailed on to use it"! In the way of criticism, it may be said that the author seems to think that Powhatan is a name, not a title; that too much space is devoted to descriptions of the Indians and their life, and not enough attention to conditions among the colonists; that there is no index, and some of the illustrations would be better suited to a work of fiction. The reviewer would also like tremblingly to object to the statement of the Virginia lady that a "hoe-cake" is now cooked before the fire; that method is of the past. Mrs. Pryor speaks a good word for the too numerous gentlemen who first came to the new world; and her estimate of the Jamestown colony is worth quoting: "The miniature republic — for such it rapidly grew to be in nearly everything except in name — held within its borders just the elements that distinguish the great republic of to-day: some noble spirits with high aims and fervent patriotism; some sordid souls intent alone on gain; some unprincipled, desperate characters; others simply useless, idle and ignoble."

Native stories of Japanese life and character.

It is manifest that a unique people can best be understood from its own literature. A first-rate translation, giving the substance and color of the actual thought of an insular nation like the Japanese, is worth a wagon-load of the impressions of aliens. We have in two books by Dr. Walter Dening, issued by the Methodist Publishing House of Tokio, Japan, such a mirror of life. These two works ought to be in every public library. One is entitled "Japan in Days of Yore," in which are ten good stories, mostly of the Yedo period of Japan's history, with six appendices containing storiettes, essays, descriptions, and anecdotes, which richly supplement the main narratives. The second volume, historical and critical in its character, is entitled "A New Life of Toyotomi Hideyoshi," and is a revised and much improved edition of the author's work published in 1888. Dr. Dening, the translator, has lived much of his adult life-time in Japan, and his knowledge of the language and literature is profound and exact. His English is limpid, flowing, and well reproduces the original. Almost the only criticism to be made is upon his two-frequent use of allusions, references, and "modern instances," which detract from rather than add to the value of his work. Nevertheless, it may safely be said that since Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan" there has been nothing of the sort quite so useful and entertaining as these stories of actual Japanese life, with its lights and shadows, its curious customs, its odd and quaint phenomena of emotion and ethics, which were possible only in feudalism and on an island shut away from the rest of the world. The anecdotes of judicial procedure under the famous Oka, Echizen no Kami, who was a sort of Japanese Solomon, are particularly racy. He, too, certainly knew how to decide when two women claimed motherhood of the same infant. Mr. Dening's foot-notes and explanations of such peculiarly Japanese institutions as hara-kiri, ju-jutsu, and phases of Bushido, are especially timely when even the average Occidental is beginning to discover some of the reserves of power which do not appear on the surface, but explain why and how the Japanese succeed. Turning from native fiction to history, Mr. Dening, having digested many books on his favorite theme, gives in his other work an animated narrative of a man who, like Napoleon, was not physically imposing, yet who rose from the lowest stratum of society to be the unifier and dictator of Japan. Hideyoshi made his way through all obstacles, and even built a temple to his own honor, hoping that after his death he might be enrolled among the gods of his people. Although he failed in this, it is certain that in courage, originality, fertility of resource, knowledge of human nature, generosity, and versatility of mind, Hideyoshi had among his countrymen few equals and no superiors. Iyeyasu, who gave Japan peace for two centuries and a half, built upon the foundations of Hideyoshi, — or, in the Japanese caricature, Nobunaga pounded the dough, Hideyoshi

made it into cakes for the oven and did the baking, while Iyeyasu sat on the silk cushions and ate the cake. Altogether, these books belong to the sort that will not stand idle on the shelves.

A three-acre Paradise.

Those who have read "Ten Acres Enough" and Hubert's "Liberty and a Living" are likely to recall both those works on taking up "Three Acres and Liberty," by Mr. Bolton Hall; and, aside from the title, there are suggestions of both books in the contents — not in any attempt at copying, but in the spirit that informs the writer. It will be seen that Mr. Hall goes several steps farther than the author of the first-named book; and he is more enthusiastic than Mr. Hubert, who is known to have given up his experiment at country living. The volume under consideration is not a text-book in agriculture or horticulture, but rather a series of suggestive chapters as to what may be accomplished by those who are weary of the confinement of city life and are willing to work for their freedom. The author has been deeply moved by the help afforded needy men and women by means of the vacant city lots which they are allowed to use for gardens; and he cites many examples, with facts and figures, to show what may be done with the smallest plot of ground, both in growing and in marketing produce. He lays great stress on intensive culture, and includes a chapter descriptive of accessible places where cheap land may still be obtained, mentioning also what may be grown there. Of course, not everything that properly belongs in such a work could be included, yet one notes with some surprise the omission of any reference to the peach region of Michigan. In fact, the author is not always sufficiently specific in regard to regions adapted to special products, probably assuming that those who are interested in the subject will investigate further. While, as has been said, the work is not a text-book, yet on some unfamiliar topics there are quite full directions, — as, for example, the construction of greenhouses, conducting a "violet farm," and preparing wild drug-plants for market. Other subjects treated are "How to Buy the Farm," "The Kitchen Garden," "Tools and Equipment," "Advantages of Capital," "Fruits," "Flowers," "Novel Live Stock," "Clearing the Land," "How to Build." While one chapter only is headed "Results to be Expected," the author is so full of the subject that it crops out everywhere. The style is somewhat colloquial, perhaps intentionally so. There is an index, also an appendix containing a good list of practical reference books and a vegetable-planting table.

The life-story of a famous Frenchwoman.

Almost half a century had passed between the death of Julie Lespinasse and the publication of that correspondence of hers with the Conte de Guibert which made all Paris ring with the passionate love-story of this leader of eighteenth century *salons*, a story so entirely unsuspected during her lifetime that even d'Alembert, her dearest friend and constant companion, accused her of being entirely without heart and incapable of love. The correspondence has become a part of the world's famous literature, and has served as a basis for fiction in many tongues. Only a few years ago, reviewers vied with one another for the credit of discovering Julie de Lespinasse in the heroine of "Lady Rose's Daughter," and all those who had not yet made the acquaintance of the historical Julie hastened to read the famous letters, which were far more fascinating than any novel written about them could ever hope to be. But there was much of mystery still clinging to the noted Frenchwoman's life; the tragedy of her last years had little connection with the equally interesting and complex history of her youth,—her long Platonic friendship for d'Alembert, her influence on Condorcet, Turgot, Hume, Suard. Nor did the Guibert letters more than hint at an earlier love-affair, quite as intense, as tragic, and as mysterious. The Marquis de Ségur, therefore, did a work of interest to many when he searched the archives of all the great French families in any intimate way connected with Julie de Lespinasse, and, having solved most of the riddles of her life, published a book detailing his discoveries. The volume is not entirely well constructed, but this is partly due to the necessity under which the author labored of wiping out some mistaken but generally current theories of Julie's birth and early life before he proceeded to his direct testimony. It would have been quite impossible to make a bald biography with such interesting material, and the Marquis de Ségur has brought enough personal interest and enthusiasm to his work to counteract largely his lack of constructive literary ability. The book has been adequately translated by P. H. Lee Warner, and is published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., with an interesting photogravure portrait of the charming subject.

Echoes of the "Boxer siege" in China in 1900.

The volume entitled "Indiscreet Letters from Peking" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is an interesting and a puzzling book. It purports to contain letters written from day to day by a member of one of the besieged European legations during the Boxer uprising of 1900. But no one could have written journal-letters of this kind under the conditions described; the identity of the writer is concealed, and no means are given of substantiating the startling revelations contained in the narrative. The editor of the volume, Mr. B. L. Putnam-Weale, is known as an intelligent writer on Oriental politics and life, and the fact that he becomes in a measure responsible for the contents of the letters seems to give them something of historical value. Whoever the writer is, he certainly has an eye for the picturesque and the striking, whatever may be said of the correctness of his vision in other ways. It would be hard to find a more depressing revelation of incapacity, indecision, cowardice, and selfishness

than is here given in the account of the terrible times through which the besieged legations passed; and the writer does not hesitate even to call the names of the diplomats and nationalities of the men and women who showed these unlovely qualities. A few stand out as real men, — a Japanese colonel, an American missionary, a German ambassador; but in the fierce trial most of those whose training ought to have made them strong failed to stand the test. The reader cannot help feeling that the narrative is colored, that the real facts cannot have been quite so lurid or the characters of the men and women quite so mean as they are here portrayed. But after all deductions are made, the story here given, of the Warning, the Siege, and the Sack, is remarkably interesting, even though it is full of horrors, largely through the remarkable power of the writer to make his characters and events live in his pages.

The development of photography as a free art.

As pointed out by Mr. Otto Walter Beck, in his "Art Principles in Portrait Photography" (The Baker & Taylor Company), the processes inherited from Daguerre remain practically unchanged to-day, and their results are known popularly as "good straight photography." Mr. Beck asserts that this plain photography, enslaved by commercialism, has run into a lifeless groove. Its direct result has been to instil a taste for literalism chilling in its effect upon every form of art. "Art in photography is possible only in an extension of the methods known and in the employment of new processes to effect a manipulation of the photo-image. When the tool is made so pliable that it records more than the surface appearance of things, when the personal element enters to give life to the accurate records, the present limitations of impersonal representation are removed from photography, and its large true sphere of influence opens." In the treatise before us, Mr. Beck has shown, by description and pictorial illustration, that if creative work is to enter into photography it must be possible to make on the negative a line of any character and to control the light and shade with the facility of one who paints. In fact, his illustrations show that those powerful resources of the graphic arts, light lines and dark lines, can be made on the negative as readily as on paper and canvas. It is interesting to follow the divagations of this enthusiastic artist, as he propounds the principles and processes that will remove photography from its limited conventionalities and place it among the free arts. The book is worthy of perusal by amateur as well as professional photographers.

The California garden-book.

To people who have not been in California, it may seem strange that a special book should be needed for the would-be gardener in that state. But so peculiar is the climate, which is widely varied even within the state limits, and the soil, often of several kinds and depths on a single ranch, that such a work is essential. The well-known volumes on California fruits and vegetables, by Professor Wickson, have now been followed by one on flowers and ornamental gardening, by Mrs. Belle Sumner Angier. "The Garden Book of California" (Paul Elder & Co.) tells many things that the new-comer to California, if interested in gardening, will wish to know. It presupposes a knowledge of gardening in general, and emphasizes those points wherein garden operations and conditions on the coast vary from those existing elsewhere. The introductory chapter, however, on the flower-garden as a factor in home-making and child-training, is applicable to any region. Following this are chapters on simple gardening methods, a planting calendar, the culture of common plants and bulbs, palms and tropical plants, rose-culture in California, ferns and fernery, the mission of the vine, boundaries, tree-planting and protection, insecticides and plant diseases, backyard problems, out-of-door living rooms, the equipment of the aviary, and native trees, flowers, and shrubs. The last chapter is necessarily incomplete, and should be supplemented by reference to a book on the wild-flowers of the coast; but it is pleasantly suggestive. The book contains twenty illustrations from photographs, showing numerous typical California scenes, such as the palm and the pine as neighbors, a marguerite hedge, a rose-bower, an avenue of Eucalypti, and charming residences in the Mission style of architecture with appropriate garden surroundings.

A new light on the early Christian martyrs.

In his "Persecution in the Early Church, a Chapter in the History of Renunciation" (Jennings & Graham) Mr. Herbert B. Workman, Principal of Westminster School, has set before his readers in a new light the relations of Christianity to the Roman Empire in the first three centuries of the Christian era, and has shown that the persecutions of those times were due not so much to a deep-seated intolerance of the new religion on the part of the Romans as to the lack of wisdom for tempering the zeal of the Christians. Regarding self-sacrifice as the highest recognized principle of the kingdom of God, and looking upon martyrdom as the highest expression of that principle, the early Christians sought it, rather than escape from it. To participate in the sufferings of the Master was an assurance of participation in his glory. And instead of making their position in regard to the kingdoms of this earth clearly understood by the Roman authorities, they, consciously or otherwise, put themselves in the category of those who were disloyal, law-breakers, guilty of *lèsè majesté*, atheists, anarchists, outlaws, and non-conformists to the orderly regulations of the Roman Empire; and they chose to suffer the consequences that must inevitably arise. The Christians were, furthermore, unfortunate in retaining many superstitions, beliefs in demons and other supernatural agencies, which rendered them liable to penalties imposed by Roman law upon the practice of the magical arts. Mr. Workman's book is a valuable contribution to the

ecclesiastical and political history of the first three centuries of Christianity, and an authoritative study of a very interesting but partially known subject. The book is well provided with bibliographical notes, chronological tables, and other matter helpful to the student who might wish to extend his investigations further.

The creed of Orthodox Socialism.

Taking the tenets of Karl Marx as a point of departure, Mr. Edward Le Rossingnal, in his "Orthodox Socialism" (Crowell), presents a critical study of the socialistic theory in its most rigid form. The doctrines of the English Classical School — the corner-stone, as it were, upon which socialism was built — are examined and their inconsistences noted. A student of socialistic theories as well as an astute observer of facts, Mr. Le Rossingnal perceives the fallacies of socialism and flagrantly exposes them. He shows how the basic principle of Marxian philosophy — the economic interpretation of history — crumbles away under Marx's assertion that there will be an "era of perfect peace." Furthermore, he sees slight ground for predicting that this socialistic era — economically disastrous, as he believes — will ever be realized. Mr. Le Rossingnal makes his points skilfully, but one must bear in mind that in his small volume he in no way attempts to consider the position of the "opportunists," a large sect of less radical socialists. In his pertinent discussion of "orthodox" socialism, however, he is convincing in his conclusion that it is as yet "but a faith, not a science."

How Germany has forged ahead in industrial ways.

Dr. Earl D. Howard's essay on "The Cause and Extent of the Recent Industrial Progress of Germany" (Houghton) is an attempt to describe and account for the recent extraordinary industrial development of the German Empire — a development in many respects comparable to that of the United States, and one which has enabled Germany to surpass all her Continental competitors and excite alarm in Great Britain. Until recently the population of Germany was predominantly agricultural and unprogressive. Her soil is not fertile, and her mineral resources have been in a state of rapid decline. In spite of these and other drawbacks, however, Germany has within the last quarter of a century become one of the leading industrial powers of the world. One of the most fundamental and important causes of the present prosperity of the German nation, says Dr. Howard, is the close relationship between science and practical affairs, as a result of which German industry is able to avail itself of the technical skill and knowledge of trained men.

NOTES.

"John Huss: The Witness," by Professor Oscar Kuhns, is a new volume in the "Men of the Kingdom" series, published by Messrs. Jennings & Graham.

A new volume in the series of "Original Narratives of Early American History" has been published by the Messrs. Scribner. It gives us the "Voyages of Samuel de Champlain, 1604–1618," and is edited by Mr. W. L. Grant.

Dr. Augustus Hopkins Strong has planned a treatise on "Systematic Theology," to occupy three volumes. The first volume is now at hand, with "The Doctrine of God" for its special subject, and is published at the Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. publish Henry Conrad Ferdinand Meyer's "Des Heilige," in a school edition prepared by Dr. Carl Edgar Eggert. They also issue Alarcon's "El Sombrero de Tres Picos," edited for school use by Professor Benjamin P. Bourland.

"Psychology: General Introduction" is the title of a treatise by Professor Charles Hubbard Judd. It is the first of "a series of text-books designed to introduce the student to the methods and principles of scientific psychology." Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are the publishers.

A new edition of "San Francisco and Thereabouts," by Mr. Charles Keeler, is published by Mr. A. M. Robertson. The plates of the original work were destroyed in the fire, but have been made anew, and more extensively illustrated than before. The interest of the book is now largely retrospective, but it is nowise lessened by that fact.

Coleridge's cottage at Nether Stowey is rescued from demolition or desecration, it is pleasant to learn; but a fund for its maintenance is still lacking, or lacking in part. Two hundred pounds must be raised to ensure the proper care of the cottage, and all lovers of English poetry are appealed to for contributions, which may be sent to the treasurer, Rev. W. Greswell, Dodington Rectory, Somerset, England.

Two small books of practical instructions for writers come to us at the same time. "A Practical Guide for Authors," by Mr. William Stone Booth, is published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; while the Clipping Bureau Press of Boston is responsible for Mr. Robert Luce's "Writing for the Press." The latter work is a new edition, having previously circulated some thousands of copies. It is also considerably the larger work. Mr. Booth's book includes a section upon printing foreign languages, which will be found particularly useful in many offices.

The American Book Co. publish Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," edited by Mr. C. E. Rhodes, in their "Gateway" series of English texts. In the "Standard English Classics" of Messrs. Ginn & Co. we have Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," edited by Miss Louise Pound. Lamb's "Essays of Elia" (editorship unacknowledged) appear in the "Riverside" series of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. "Selections from the Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes" (which means the early poems recently out of copyright), edited by Mr. J. H. Castleman, is a volume of the "Pocket Classics" of the Macmilan Co.

Seven new numbers of the Columbia University "Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law" are now published for the university by the Macmillan Co. Their authors and subjects are as follows: "Trade and Currency in Early Oregon," by Dr. James Henry Gilbert; "Luther's Table Talk," by Dr. Preserved Smith; "The Tobacco Industry in the United States," by Dr. Meyer Jacobstein; "Social Democracy and Population," by Dr. Alvan A. Tenney; "The United States Steel Corporation," by Dr. Abraham Berglund; "The Taxa-

tion of Corporations in Massachusetts," by Mr. Harry G. Friedman; and "DeWitt Clinton and the Origin of the Spoils System in New York," by Dr. Howard Lee McBain.

Sir Leslie Stephen's biographer, the late Frederic William Maitland, who has earned our thanks for one of the best biographies in the language, is about to be honored with a memorial; or at least an effort is being made to that end. His distinguished literary and academic career at the University of Cambridge is to be commemorated, if the necessary fund can be raised, by a fitting memorial in the Squire Library at Cambridge. Such unexpended overplus (if any) as may remain after providing for this memorial will be spent in the publication of his unpublished writings, or in the founding of a course of lectures in his name, as may hereafter be decided.

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 33 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

HISTORY.

History of the Society of Jesus in North America. Colonial and Federal. By Thomas Hughes. Vol. I., From the First Civilization till 1645; with map, large 8vo, pp. 647. Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Co. $4.50 net.

Voyages of Samuel de Champlain, 1604-1618. Edited by W. L. Grant, M.A. With maps and plans, large 8vo, pp. 377. "Original Narratives of Early American History." Charles Scribner's Sons. $3. net.

POETRY.

The Work of Cecil Rhodes: A Sonnet-Sequence. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. With frontispiece, large 8vo, pp. 40. London: Henry Frowde. Paper.

Selected Poems. By Edward Robeson Taylor. Large 8vo, pp. 157. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $2. net.

Through Painted Panes and Other Poems. By Louis Alexander Robertson. With frontispiece, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 159. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.50 net.

Dramas of Camp and Cloister. By Archie E. Bartlett. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 252. The Gorham Press. $1.50.

Golden Winged Days. By Anne Butler Thomas. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 238. The Gorham Press. $1.50.

Songs after Noon. By Alvin B. Bishop. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 111. The Gorham Press. $1.25.

Bird Echoes: Songs of the Wildwood. By Alice Crocker Waite. 12mo, pp. 86. The Gorham Press. $1.25.

Songs of the Steel Age. By William Hurd Hillyer. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 110. The Gorham Press. $1.25.

Divine Adventures. By John Nlendorff. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 70. The Gorham Press. $1.25.

In the Path of the Persian. By Stephen Magister. 12mo, pp. 62. The Gorham Press. $1.

Hathor. By Stanly Coghill. 24mo, pp. 69. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. 75 cts. net.

The New Apocalypse. By Henry Grafton Chapman. 8vo, pp. 38. New York: George G. Peck. Paper.

FICTION.

Bar-20. By Clarence Edward Mulford. Illus., 12mo, pp. 382. Outing Publishing Co. $1.50.

Hester of the Grants: A Romance of Old Bennington. By Theodora Peck. Vermont illustrated edition; 8vo, gilt top, pp. 419. Duffield & Co. $2.50 net.

A Dull Girl's Destiny. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 12mo, pp. 331. Brentano's. $1.50.

Bachelor Betty. By Winifred James. 12mo, pp. 267. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

San Francisco and Thereabout. By Charles Keeler. New edition; illus., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 97. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.50 net.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

World's Classics. Pocket edition. New vols.: Four Plays of Aristophanes, trans. into English Verse by John Hookham Frere, with introduction by W. W. Merry, D.D.; A New Spirit of the Age, edited by Richard Hengist Horne, with introduction by Walter Jerrold. Each with portrait, 24mo. Oxford University Press.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

Systematic Theology: A Compendium and Commonplace-Book Designed for the Use of Theological Students. By Augustus Hopkins Strong, D.D. New edition, revised and enlarged; Vol. I., The Doctrine of God. Large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 370. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. $2.50 net.

John Huss: The Witness. By Oscar Kuhns. 12mo, pp. 174. "Men of the Kingdom." Jennings & Graham. $1. net.

SOCIOLOGY.—ECONOMICS.—POLITICS.

The Industrial Conflict: A Series of Chapters on Present-Day Conditions. By Dr. Samuel G. Smith. 12mo, pp. 219. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1. net.

Socialism. By W. H. Mallock, M.A. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 138. New York: National Civic Federation. Paper.

The New Harmony Movement. By George B. Lockwood. Illus., 12mo, pp. 404. D. Appleton & Co.

Columbia University Studies in Political Science. New vols.: De Witt Clinton and the Origin of the Spoils System in New York, by Howard Lee McBain, Ph.D.; Social Democracy and Population, by Alvan A. Tenney, Ph.D.; The Tobacco Industry in the United States, by Meyer Jacobstein, Ph.D. Each large 8vo, uncut. Macmillan Co. Paper.

EDUCATION.

Report of the Commissioner of Education for Year Ending June 30, 1905. Vol. II., large 8vo, pp. 742. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Psychology: General Introduction. By Charles Hubbard Judd, Ph.D. Vol. I., 12mo, pp. 389. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Yale Psychological Studies. Edited by Charles H. Judd. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 423. Lancaster, Pa.: Review Publishing Co. Paper.

Classified Catalogue of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. Part I., General Works; Part IX., Biography. Each 8vo. Pittsburgh: Carnegie Library. Paper.

Lisbeth Longfrock. Trans. from the Norwegian of Hans Aanrud by Laura E. Poulsson. Illus. in color, etc., 18mo, pp. 149. Ginn & Co.

Joe Tilden's Recipes for Epicures. 24mo, pp. 131. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

It. By Olivette. 12mo, pp. 81. Chicago: M. A. Donohue & Co. Paper.

The American Printer said of a volume recently issued by **ROBERT GRIER COOKE, INC.**, for the National City Bank of N. Y., "There is a distinction given this book which is characteristic of all the books which Mr. Cooke designs and publishes," and in a later issue it adds that this firm "does things that make for permanance in the world of commercial literature." Suggestions furnished to financial and mercantile houses contemplating the publishing of business literature of any kind.

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